

FaceBook Post 2022-10-10

So between Toast being used as the internally known interface at a former job, between there being a dementia ward and a dementia person connected to the name Chai at a job in another state, and between there being apparently good mouse and keyboard skills if you keep something layered below the common consciousness and strictly to your cognition alone: I was an apparent risk to PID from bad layering and guess what? That's the only reason why I progressed from shaky anxiety at my old job with the Toast (which was whomever's job as my memory recalls such at the worst of times) interfaces, at my job as a cook for dying people at a retirement home (you know, sharing other people's health issues especially from jobs held years back in Livermore [where one of their family members had dementia] and sharing patients' information at the retirement home job while avoiding any dementia ward break outs) with fainting being the new addition to shakiness while I was at the retirement home, and between the communal pack-fucking at job loss three from this CRAP of "treat this [computer work] like a game" and "no, I'm onto something here (ME) that says we shouldn't be calling our work here 'like playing games' as it could cause crossover at the superficial level of work and home like there being a new employee always" I ended up with a chain of faintings at the retirement home (thrice), and at my second to last job while sitting at a desk (twice), and at my last job at desk (twice over) too. This shit may not have killed me, but it has ruined so many jobs that I appear apathetic to work. I'm thankful that I have one failed business and that I have a new one running so I can pump my history back up with genuinely cool stuff.

Really it's just the "This is Frisco" laugh with "old job and Chai being an employee who knows about Dementia Mom of his manager" and "why is god damn Dylan checking in using something like Chai? He should know better by now to avoid the old workplace Chai and the run off effect of 'Frisco is for out of towners feeling hip' when there may be skills and years-long games of pink in play (Fuck, this made me hate cheap references to other cities), and the lovely 'yeah, we can take a few more WITH HIM if he stays in the hands (typing skills) and not elsewhere' (games of business black in play) does apparently results in faints since, and I do say sarcastically, "nothing is more important than protecting others privacy"... except for the processes and interfaces that show that PID--that supersedes bodily health.

So fun tale: if you happen to know how someone works, then even if they seem a bit late to scream "I'm premature stay away" then maybe just maybe you should hold your silent judging and wishes and your urgeful non-contact pushes to my psyche because it's probably safer for me to run under that assumption. Even at 30.

Pre-post script: Prematurity needs to be considered a disability because it means that instead of being in the "We just handshaked" phase whenever a new employee comes on board because someone you don't know is around then the experience from my memory's youth comes up where "Well I wasn't held for the first two weeks of my life"... meeting "That is the same as the new employees figuring out minds talk" and at 27-29, any age really prematurity is only used as a way to bridge the kinesthetic gap to regular intraphysic communication around certain employees. It can retard you, it can gimp you, it can even make something like a faint be a showpiece of yourself so-much-so that when you go forward that's how people identify your boundaries instead of what you're perfectly capable. Fainting is my boundary condition with others... or slowly isn't I guess.

Also, cool experience but confused between side tales of "call them agents because they work in jobs similar to the military" but they're only contractors": Jolinda B. at Grand Savings Bank in 2019... I know you heard my mental yell because I saw you tense up behind your brown hair and glasses and the desk of a financial job. The yell? "Are you CIA?" (from me) meeting then the above explanation of "no, they're not agents either, just professional workers". Long story short and closely related to this paragraph: if you know that something rings slightly of terrorism then

remember the eight year statute of limitations (looking at Eaglepoint Technologies as was on Jolinda's cup at the bank [and able to see it on her desk now], which she referenced as being her employer but she (as I paraphrase) "needed something else since there wasn't a war going on") on acts that include: [from whitehouse.gov]" activities that involve acts dangerous to human life that are a violation of the criminal laws of the United States or of any State; appear to be intended to intimidate or coerce a civilian population [...]; and occur primarily within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States."

Finally since I like tying it all together (since this is where I claim federal terrorism across states): If you happen to be aware of the microdosing of LSD or if you have experienced it about it then imagine the confusion of feeling that effect but from only having a handshake with someone named Tom Daly (@tomdaly15 as I recall from 2019-Aug-Sept). A very nice set of arms, enjoys smoking cigarettes (He had a Marlboro Red from me at Bordertown Casino in 2019-Aug to Sept), and gives a firm handshake before just leaving entirely after one smoke. Now imagine you see a marking on your right ring finger interior after that handshake as you are feeling more sleepy than usual and seeing effects reminiscent of that 'terribly, dangerous and should be illegal substance" of MDMA or LSD, a marking that does indeed appear to (Just like Albert Hofman said, with substance on his fingers) indicate that transdermal application of said illegal substance actually does work. Imagine that. As I am now while writing.

Maybe those contractors shouldn't have shown me the jailer's workers (the two people from Jay, Courthouse of food and otherwise) from Jay, OK via manipulation of an app called Grindr post Handshake (2019-Aug or Nov), then know CFWA is waiting for you. You got it right. "To Grindr? Really? That's a major company", Manipulation of the data from their servers to include the people in prison who meet those jailed "the morning after" in another town over--almost like the welcoming committee to the morning after jail was being met by me digitally (I can see the location of one of them as presented to me via the scrolling selections of Grindr right now as it was originally displayed on my screen--the blonde haired fellow being what is remembered now). From Grindr to my own personal device. That is CFWA level of action. And Pre-postscript too? If it's done by a private contractor over the military then that private contractor is not bound by duty and they are fully culpable... probably the reason why in multi-state deals these small contractors get used more often.

I am seeing an analyst and it took a year after initially telling that person this for me to able to recognize the scenes in my mind vividly enough so that the text I shared in writing would be recognizable by that analyst. That means that person was finally able to confirm after a year of work by what it saw in it's cognition as transferred (transference moments being the secret to successful analysis) from my subconscious to her in the moment of analytical session. That's the only reason I'm sharing this here because it's been a bit much to bear and I know that some of YOUR (better not ask who's 'your'?!--or do, it's just one more personal system to know) friends, YOUR social circle, unknown to me but kind and understanding in a pathway that I could actually communicate without the beginning stones of this narrative creeping up: I know that they've been used and I feel terrible that others get steered wrongly and presume that "[I am] being way to aggressive in mind" and that has ruined certain relationships amid others lost in the rage of those actions of secrecy which interfered with my will to live, my ability to have a meaningful relationship at work, home, and in private matters of (Yellow square here, personal note.....) So that's the story above. In an aptly written manner. Anyway, thank you again for all of y'all's help and more so thanks for not overlooking me due to YOU ALL having to sweet-talk me to get this governmental prick off of me. If you ever need anything and want the land route to thought then it's 9th and Mill in Grove, OK to my house... better yet take the funny way of "I'm jumping through your window" approach. I'm sure I can thank you all then. (I'll post this experiment's requirements soon with a guide in case anyone needs a fake undergarment raid)

Anyway, onto my next hour of being someone "lying about being date-raped just to get a heads up" and another day of thinking that I need the past to build up relationships of now... both of which though damning are the matters that I live with, others concur with, and that I'm entered into a battle of public and personal trust for another day. Nothing better than "you got drugged by the government" seeming like the perfect way to play to those who unwittingly and without parties' known had the same happen to them. Date-rape drugs that is. Hopefully not rape. I guess that's why the adoption process with other persons has been so hard for me to integrate to.

Just remember my own master plan, everybody: Love, kindness, and if you post all the grimey details before the actual settlement time... well you aren't breaking any laws of fraud if a settlement is leveraged... though they may require these posts deleted within the next year and if that happens then you know why I'm travelling so much. Simply from sharing with others before the fucking lawyers (unchosen as of now) tear them a new one. One last thing: Don't fuck with the guy who is aware of the scene changes and what they could relate to in your life while in dreams--especially if the worst way you can cover up or say "welcome to a new area" is classically thought to be behind dreams and drugs. Have fun, folks.

See you guys before 2023-Nov-15. Photo of Me in full potato form so that when this specific one goes away, we know that I did enter into something and was forced to delete this.

So that is the conspiracy theory side of Will Craig. and the extent of it (anything farther will have to be Brua's paper collection). I hope you have fun and if you ever need a nice nightmare or a chat ask for either Indigo Ink or Lavender One. One path will get you angry yells from how the public regularly processes (no planning on my part) stuff like this, and the other will get you in here to me akin to "I hopped through the window".

:)

--2022-10-10

ADDITIONALLY 2022-10-22: All saved here on the archive in perpetuity for leverage against those who sanctioned the indigo marking (read: battery by an official with intent to incite hatred or harm) on my hand by Officer Ruiz on 01-01-2019 around 4:30AM to 7AM at Manteca, CA Doctor's Hospital; to leverage against those who illegally drugged me (Battery and Terrorism) at Bordertown Casino in Seneca, MO in 2019-Aug to 2019-Sept by one "Tom Daly"; leverage against those who showed via manipulation on digital platforms like dating apps and even shopping apps the innards of jails to again sew terror of such places to my self unknowingly.